

Writing

MEDITATIONS OF A HERMIT : "QUALITAS OCCULTA"

1992 6/21 -- 8/6

LETTERS FROM THE BREATH
OF LIFE

SET: MEDITATIONS OF
A HERMIT, BOOK 31

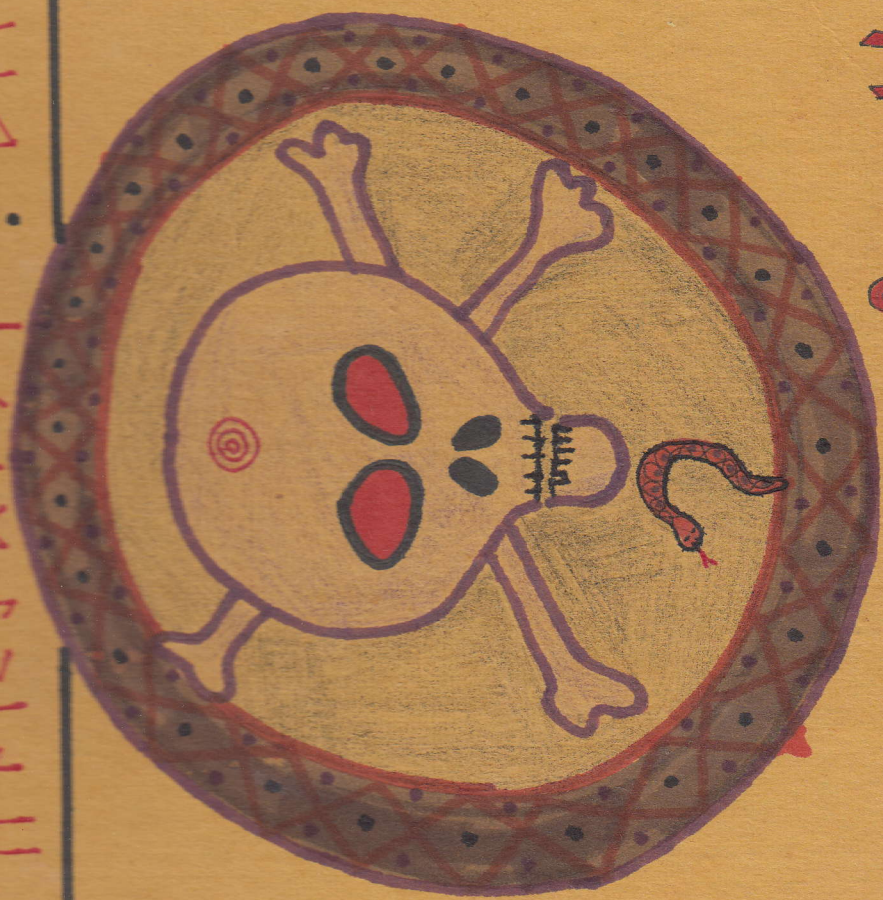


150 sheets/college ruled
11x8½in/27.9x21.6cm

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Meditations of a Hermit (31)

"Qualitas Occulta"

SN253613

meditation
note #1

21 JUNE 1992

2601

F2H

(*qualitas occulta*), a term used frequently by Schopenhauer. I would take it to mean "hidden quality", as occult means hidden.

Throughout WWR it means "original force", "inexplicable foundation", "etiological explanation ends and metaphysical begins", "unfathomable", "mysterious and inscrutable", "a force of nature".

"Every genuine, and thus actually original, force of nature, is essentially a *qualitas occulta*; it is no longer capable of a physical, but only a metaphysical, explanation - in other words, one that transcends the phenomenon."

As "Intellectual Rebirth" was the title of notebook #30 because of my reading of Kant, so is notebook #31 named "*qualitas occulta*" because I am into Schopenhauer's books for a second time around, with a much more serious frame of mind.

I will not pretend to have a reason for naming this notebook *qualitas occulta* - it is just a title whose time has come, just as "Schopenhauer Disciple" is sure to pop up as a title of one of my notebooks.

I think this notebook marks a point in time when I am getting ever more deeply absorbed in my inner life that is my intellectual, philosophic life.

The combination of a Kempis with Schopenhauer →

6/21:2

really inspires me to find great consolation in my HERMIT'S lifestyle. I was almost to the point of despair, questioning my purpose in this world - after all - is not our only purpose to procreate and keep the species going? Schopenhauer and a Kempis point to RESIGNATION as the road to SALVATION from this world.

May the theme of my diary, Meditations of a Hermit, become less of a joke and more of a serious matter. I am very serious when I refer to myself as a HERMIT. I am very devout in my study of Schopenhauer.

X 12:45AM X

~~note~~ #2

2602

FQ+ (One thing about labor, boredom, enslavement to the demands of the organism, and all the miseries and discomforts of daily existence is that it teaches one contempt for this life.) The suffering of existence helps the inner presence to decide that this life is not worth living.

Once one makes up his mind that this life is not worth living, he will not put too much importance on daily aggravations. One can ignore petty disturbances and meditate upon death.

I am very worn out from playing →

6/21:3

basketball with my nephew Joey. It is good that I exercised this way as I was very lazy in the first half of the day. How have I been coping with withdrawal from cigarettes? CANDY... I have overindulged in candy, sweet sugar. Eventually I will try to wean myself off the sugar so as to come face to face with MERE EXISTENCE, without "spoon fed pleasure".

From ALCOHOL + MARIJUANA + LSD to CIGARETTES + COFFEE. From CIGARETTES + COFFEE to CANDY... When will I cut down on the sugar?

~~2603~~ #3

2603 F21 (Underneath the surface of a content hermit is a slave who is worried about the upcoming work week.) We have a full week: Toro mowing, batwing mowing, rack body to be picked up and inspected, tailight lens for powerwagon, fence behind VC, PA system on trees + wires set up, fields set up for parking, and then Saturday and Sunday a busy weekend.

I will demand Monday and Tuesday (29, 30) off! Then work 1, 2, 3 to clean up, take off 4, 5 work 5 → 6 MIDNIGHT SHIFT and vacation days 6, 7...

Now, this may not jive with Jim and Chuck as Jim may be out on paternal leave. I don't care. I will be looking out for myself. →

21:4

I definitely will not work every fucking day without any days off.

The thing is that I am in a position (WITH KEYS) to be the SUPERVISION of the seasonal; and I must be there on Saturday and Sunday, just as I must be there up at liberty on July 5, 6 for the midnight shift.

If I have to I will take the overtime and take SICK DAYS to fight back. I must defend myself so that I don't get abused mentally and physically by THE STATE. I do have a lowly position in THE STATE as a PARK MAINTENANCE WORKER. I cannot fight it directly, but indirectly (in other words, if I am overworked, I will get SICK - and I will be forced to use SICK DAYS). Then the crew will have to wait for a Ranger or Visitor Service assistant to arrive with the E KEY.

I live TWO LIVES.

one life is Intellectual/spiritual.

The other is as a state worker.

The latter is my role in society, the other is my individuality passing through existence. My daily goal is PEACE OF MIND.

X 1030 PM SUNDAY X

2604 F22

#4

21:5

(Some of the passages in The Imitation of Christ are downright ridiculous) For being written in the 1300's by a monk it is understandable. To remark that REASON must submit to FAITH, and the UNBELIEVERS belong to the DEVIL is enough to get my attention. I have to draw the line somewhere.

It is my belief that one need not even believe in the God of Israel or any other imagined God of any religion in order to gain salvation of one's soul.

I also agree with Schopenhauer that when REASON and FAITH collide head to head, faith will be shattered.

I respect a'Kempis and his monastic lifestyle because he denied the WILL TO LIVE; but there is no need for any such belief in ~~some~~ the divine creator of the universe.

The teachings of Jesus Christ are good, but ~~the~~ better are the teachings of the Buddha.

These founders of religions fill the metaphysical need of the masses, and for the MONKS, their masters' doctrines enable them to reach salvation.

I believe I will reach salvation by studying Schopenhauer; and this means that ATHEISM and HOLINESS are harmonious as is proven by the very holy atheistic religions of the EAST.

note #7

23 JUNE 1992

2607

FLY

(What is boredom?) Is boredom the same thing as "discomfort anxiety"? Today on the tractor, I was dozing off to sleep. Each time I dozed off, I could hear an alarm go off in my skull - if I were to fall off the tractor, the blades of the baler would kill me. At work the highlight was taking the POWERWAGON out to pull the Ford 3400 out of the deep mud. Sherry followed us out in the RANCHER - and I had to pull her out with the POWERWAGON also.

When I arrived home I ate, put laundry in machine, and fell into a free sleep - I was waiting all day for a nap. When I awoke, I felt disoriented and had urges for cigarettes (urges which I refused).

I know both Sherry and Darjel have prospective mates, but Sherry seems to be giving me signals. Darjel is using body language that craves sex. There is something about Sherry that reminds me of Claire. She is attractive and pleasant, but I sense no philosophic tendencies, no "eastern enlightenment". I remember in the MCCI what helped me through BOREDOM: imagining the organism is a reptile, like a snake. For some reason, when I reflect →

upon being a CREATURE with a BRAIN,
I with BLOOD and ORGANS and
NERVES and SENSORY RECEPTORS ... how can
I be bored?

Boredom could just be a signal from
the appetites that it WANTS, it
CRAVES, etc... The appetites are
insatiable.

Many people come home
from work and look for "FUN".

Many people have many things to
"take care of" when they get
home from work.

I have my books.

I have my Notebooks.

I wonder if I am sexually defective?
How can I go so long without
sex? I am actually celibate!

Notice the embarrassment and shame.

What am I ashamed of?

I am ashamed of betraying the
species and denying my body the
pleasure of copulation.

My situation is complex. The intellect
is disgusted with existence, so it
is "SEEING THROUGH" the deceptions

of the sensual organs. It also
challenges the cultural beliefs
and traditions of the society.

Something about Sherry... what
is it? I am so damned
intelligent that I see through the

deceptions of "feelings" and "sensations".

I THINK everything through. I am cautious and prudent. I am a HERMIT. These are meditations of a hermit. Some would call me deranged because I isolate, and yet in a specific community of humanoid creatures I would be a model.

If I take Schopenhauer philosophy with me into daily existence, I will realize that this SHERRY is representation. My ^{understanding} ~~senses~~ receives the SENSUAL DATA from my sensory receptors. The understanding perceives sherry (as representation) as an attractive young female inclined to smile.

And yet she is WILL. Beneath the layers ... layers of civilization: uniforms, job titles ... social identities ... "personalities", personal histories ... beneath the layers is WILL TO LIVE, THING IN ITSELF, breathing, pumping blood, sexually alert, scoping out prospective mates for procreation of the race.

And then we have the intellect of the skinny male influenced by the philosophic doctrines of Arthur Schopenhauer.

So this FRUSTRATES the natural processes; and of course there is an inner battle raging ... SPIRIT AGAINST FLESH ... NOTHINGNESS VERSUS ORGASM. →

23:4

It is the same ancient story. My problem is that I forget the deep complexities underlying existence, so I take everything personally. On the tractor, when I was dozing off — and I heard a bell go off each time I drifted to sleep; well, that is an example of "INNER PRESENCE".

There is a totally inward reality to this existence. Which is the REAL WORLD: Will OR Representation?

note #8

2608

FDS

(The day goes by as most days go by.) The drudgery of waking up and reporting to work, the calm moments during the day when I am grateful for having a steady secure state job, moments when I just want to sleep, moments when I am angry + controlling, as well as the moment the work day is over and I feel peace of mind. Each day consists of MOMENTS, the past and future are virtually illusion — the present moment is fleeting. It does not exist in time.

past \longleftrightarrow future If time is succession, then there is no present moment as the immediate future would pass into immediate past.

The PASSING MOMENTS are the PRESENT MOMENTS. The present moment is an abstract

23:5

concept, the present moment is a view from the brain's perspective, but every moment that passes from future to present does not remain in the present but goes from future to past.

When dreaming, we can take the dream to be so real that we despair; and when we wake up we are relieved.

So it is with life. I have times in the day and evening when I despair at the loneliness and confusion of my life - but then I realize it is all Maya.

~~not~~ #9

24 JUNE 1992

2609

F27↑

(Last night after midnight) while drifting to sleep, I started to get into a familiar mood triggered by thoughts condemning myself for living with mommy, not dating women, and leading the social life of a circus geek. As soon as these thoughts (ib) started, I disputed them by realizing the bizarre nature of reality.

One gets through life in whatever manner, everyone else is also in the position of being inside their own skulls. People may gossip and slander, but when the INNER LIFE is strong, what do the opinions of others matter? I will be untroubled by man's judgements

→

note #13

6/25-2

2613 FZT

(dreadful day.) problem = trailers needed to be transported to park (orders received by me from immediate supervisor Jim Noe).

What good is a diary if I can't reflect upon turmoil?

I got my fingers caught in a jack - mistake working alone. Luck was with me, Bill Albert was driving by and he freed my hand. Thank you - Bill.

Then a shipment of ammunition came in. I helped in getting it in. Then I went to finish getting the trailer ready, when Bill Albert decided I should drop everything and help him.

He was adamant about it. He pulled rank on me in front of seasonals, and Dave Hewitt (as well as Al Gomolka). The bastard yelled that it didn't matter what Jimmy said yesterday, he was in charge (Bill) at the moment.

Dave backed him up, putting me in my place, as a lowly servant to be abused, to be sent up to liberty for a midnight shift.

I said to a few people, including Sharon "Fuck this place!" I was pissed off at Bill, at Dave, at Jimmy, at Chuck, at the whole world. ON the verge of a rage. I actually confided in Bill, Ramsdell, the chief range.

for sympathy. Bill Albert yelled at Nancy and I was the one who called her over. I gave Dave an attitude too, saying, "I don't care. I am only a Maintenance Worker I. I won't hang for anything."

The problem with being a servile working horse is that some days you have had as much bullshit as you can stand - and you blow up. I was glad to get out of there a couple hours early to go to the dentist. All and all I look at Albert a little differently than before. The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence.

Now I am at Monmouth Battlefield solely because of where I live. If I were relocated, I would adapt. In this meditation, I went over some of the aggravations of the day. In the next meditation I will go over some solutions.

note #14

2614 F2X (Stop trying to please everyone. Do not be afraid to displease ANYONE) All the politics can drive one insane, but I really should try to ignore it all. I don't have to accept everyone's - but I can acknowledge people's flaws. I guess everyday interaction with people is robbing me of →

25:4

my peace of mind. That is why I see
being alone as a sanctuary,
a place to hide from the world,
a place where I no longer wear
a mask.

I am afraid of my most recent thought:
I will be at Monmouth after
Bill Albert is gone. I will
miss Bill? Central Supply will
fold up without him. W?

The greatest solution to all the
politics and turmoil at work is
this: concentrate on the reality of
death and realize that this is
all ILLUSION. This entire existence
is suffering. We must not
cling to it.

X 630 PM Thursday X

~~note~~ #15

2615 FQW (a quick note about candy.) I have
been eating alot of candy ever since I
was a little kid. Now that I
quit coffee and cigarettes, I have been
relying on a supply of candy to
get me through DISCOMFORT ANXIETY -
otherwise known as BOREDOM.

I am risking rapid decay of my teeth.
I should attempt the cessation
of my intake of candy. → → →

2:25 25.6
in order to nurture peace of mind. I will
acknowledge that I am a HERMIT.
Instead of allowing this to cause me
feelings of inadequacy, I must
commend myself for being able
to remain strong inwardly.

The reason for my celibacy may
be a combination of my intelligence,
my small sexual organ, and my
subterranean desire for NOTHINGNESS.

When I lie in bed, alone, I
will picture the interconnections of the
organs, nerves, and body parts of my
physical BEING. I will also
try to conceive of the mental
process for perceiving the world as
representation.

When I go to work, I will
acknowledge my slavery, not only
to the specific job, but
to the universal penal colony of
existence. I will also try to
make the best of it and be
thankful for a position at the local
state park.

I will trust my own intelligence as I
believe my intelligence is above average
and superior. As for how I will
deal with my own BAD
MOODS, I can either BROOD or
I can change my THOUGHTS.

~~note~~ #33

FJ↑ (2633) PLANS TO READ BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER'S LIFE AND CHARACTER:

Instead of diving back into WWR, after this long interval of not being able to read due to my work schedule, I will go to the public library and take out some books about Schopenhauer. I may either read it for enjoyment or take notes on index cards or both.

The reason for this is to confront some of the doubts I have about my lifestyle. I need affirmations of my discipleship.

~~note~~ #34

FJB (2634) PLANS TO READ BOOKS BY CIORAN:

While at the library getting the biography on Schopenhauer, I also picked up Emil M. Cioran's The Trouble With Being Born as well as his Anathemas and Admonitions. I went by Waldens

and placed an order for the two alone mentioned books as well as a third,

The Temptation to Exist. The second book is \$23.00 and I should receive that. The one I really want is only \$9 and I will search for that when I return it to the library in two weeks.

I had read The Trouble With Being Born before I discovered Schopenhauer, but I am confident that I can afford to put CIORAN into my personal library.

30: 5

Cioran describes our existence as a nightmare world.
Cioran, like Schopenhauer is a PESSIMIST.

"Solitude: so fulfilling that the merest rendezvous is a crucifixion." He is also a believer that it is better not to exist, that birth is the cause of all terror, and that to father a child is a crime!
~~note~~ #35

FJM (2635) WHY I SHOULD NOT ASPIRE TO WRITE A PHILOSOPHICAL DOCTRINE OR ANY SUCH BOOK LIKE SCHOPENHAUER'S THE WORLD AS WILL AND REPRESENTATION:

Although I refer to myself as a disciple of Schopenhauer, I realize I am not going to write a book of such importance. I most probably will not write any book at all. The only writing I will do will be in my NOTEBOOKS.

The purpose of buying those hundreds of index cards was so as to have material for writing a book. My only hope was to take notes from Schopenhauer's works so as to write about Schopenhauer. Now I realize that if I am to use the index cards, I will use them for ORIGINAL THOUGHTS, meditations of other authors, and I will not use them to write a book.

→

1 JULY 1992

note # 37

FJT (2637) LIFE IS SUFFERING. LIFE IS NIGHTMARE:

As I sit here with the heavy metal band, White Zombie playing "Cosmic Monsters Inc." and a couple books by E.M. Cioran on the table beside the sofa where I sit, I reflect upon the short but important conversation I had with Rayel and Sherry today at 4:20 PM.

I opened up a little about my pessimistic outlook on life, about marriage, divorce, and my philosophy that "life is not fun".

It felt a relief to end the game of sarcasm and teasing, teasing because of my own social awkwardness. But to

sit there and philosophize about life - that is my favorite pastime.

note # 38

FJX (2638) MY NEPHEW JOEY LEAVES FOR FLORIDA TOMORROW IN THE EARLY A.M.:

I played a few rough games of 1 on 1 with my nephew Joey tonight. We argued so much the first game that I almost left angry. We resolved it by not speaking during the next two games, but the games were still rough. We sweat.

The kid will be in Florida for a month. I wonder if Tami will cry. It is an adventure for the boy... I will write him a letter - may be blow his mind with my WORD.

We are so close that we argue →

7/1:2

like siblings. We both like to win.
I think the reason I have been
plucking off on the reading of WWR, is
because I have been
playing alot of ball with my nephew,
preparing for this journey of
his.

Like the character in Notes From Underground
I have only my books to turn to,
not #39

RJX (2639) ONLY BOOKS TO TURN TO:

This White Zombie disk is not bad at all,
better than Primus, better than Body Count...
a cross between alien sex pend and metallica.
What did I turn to in the Flynn House?
Herman Herse... Alexander Solzhenitsyn...

Over the past six years I have read
more books than I read in
high school (I read quite a bit in high
school).

Then I got in occult books, american
indian, runelore, witchcraft, etc...

But the most dramatic discovery
since Pirsig's Zen Motorcycle Maintenance had
to be Arthur Schopenhauer.

Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Camus, Sartre,
Kant, and your Cioran.

French and German Philosophers.

What else do I have to turn to besides
my Books? I am not even a writer,
but merely a diarist. →

There are the realities I want to face; I am not a "man of the world" and I am better for it. It is wonderful that I read as much as I do (and the type of books that I read).

I am a rare individual, but I am not unique. I am of the same mood and temperament as Schopenhauer and Cioran, but I am not of the same mind set.

I will not be the author of a great philosophical work. Why not?

I would have to say the environment isn't right. I could be a Dostoevsky of the United States. I could be a Cioran of the USA; but I will never be a Schopenhauer.

That is why I am a self ordained Schopenhauer Disciple. As I am a genuine HERMIT - because of my alienation and basic tendency to hide from society - I am inclined to read. As I said before, I do not read ^{JUST} anything; but I am very particular in what I read.

I am to the point now that I will MEDITATE upon what I read. In other words, I STUDY SCHOPENHAUER, I STUDY CIORAN. I read them to understand myself.

I must remind myself of that which I possess that compensates for all that which I lack (mate, offspring, society), a deep intellect. I am a THINKER.

DOSTOYEVSKI?

My diary is a series of notebooks.

My notebooks are a series of meditations.

My meditations are a series of notes.

MY DIARY IS A SERIES OF NOTES.

4 July 1992
p. 4

(FKC)

note #2

The reason I say I am not a saint is because of the means I use to stubbornly refuse to bring children into the world.

I masturbate. When I do masturbate, I recall the incredible pleasure of copulation and I cannot imagine actually resisting the demands of the sexual impulse.

Even though saints and the monastic religious monks of both Buddhist and Christian peoples do reach salvation from this wretched life by way of chastity, poverty, and resignation, I seek the same salvation as a rational creature who knows all life is suffering and nightmare, but also realizes the power of the sex impulse to guarantee this life line never ends.

note #3

Not a saint, but an intelligent, cerebral creature who intellectually realizes the workings of the World as Will and Representation. A creature who also is withdrawn, who isolates himself from society, and who believes life is not worth living.

Yet not only a cerebral being, but also a physical creature with appetites.

With masturbation I "trick" one of the most vital impulses of the will to live. →

69/1 July 4
H. 9
I wonder if I ceased bringing myself to
orgasm, would I animalistically
chase down a female in heat?
I also wonder if I ceased to
bring myself to orgasm, would
the sex impulse's demands
be less intense?
Is this a struggle between the cerebral
and the genital?

note # 4

The reason for writing in notebooks is to be
able to communicate things in reality
that I would not share with anyone.

note # 5

If I am not a saint, what am
I? For one, I am a hermit -
I am a withdrawn, alienated recluse.
I am a frustrated BEING, one
who realizes the suffering and samity
of existence, and who wants
to resign from the whole affair,
but who feels vulnerable in
the face of life's demands
for food (LIFE), shelter (LIFE),
security (LIFE), sex (LIFE).

What am I? an anti hero.
I am not a saint, I am an
ANTI HERO, a withdrawn recluse who
is tormented by the problem of
existence.

FMP

31.48

meditation # 2648
ON BEING A BEING

note #1

When I was awake all night last night, I experienced much of the same sensations one experiences on a psychedelic drug like LSD. I plan on experiencing the same sleeplessness this coming twilight zone. Cioran speaks highly of insomnia and sleepless nights. I am a creature with sensory receptors and intellect. What I like most about reading Schopenhauer is that, after a while one begins to perceive the world in a deeper light.

note #2

What the hell am I doing? Being is metaphysical. Words do not do justice. I admit I have not a mind like Schopenhauer. Right now I just want to get into the adventure that is before me. Jail and the Shell station on the Turnpike... I have flashbacks when I am awake all night. This world is science fiction, twilight zone.

The real DIARY is in my mind; this notebook is just brief messages from the inner life; whereas within the mind is eternal diary.

6 July 1992
p. 1

FMH meditation # 2649

31:49 I AM TIRED, BUT NOT SLEEPY.

note #1 Just in from midnight shift at Liberty. I am extremely moody, on the verge of unprovoked rage do to the low frustration tolerance caused by working through the night.

note #2 The ride into Jersey City, as well as the entire night, was like science fiction. Reality is stranger than fiction. We are the creatures controlled by an invisible psychic power (economics). We all experience it; I am not as unique as I thought.

note #3 I got back to MBSP at 8AM, opened up, gave suggestions for the work day to seasonals, and now I am home; ready to relax.

note #4 Jim Noe's new born son died. (Joan's grandson told me). He will be out another three weeks. If I am IT at Monmouth, I have to take care not to wear myself out.

FMH meditation # 2650

31:50 REFRESHED AFTER A FIVE HOUR SLEEP:

note #5 If anything/nothing else, reading small bits of Cioran's writings will give me an example of the type of philosophy I am to write. →

6997 p. 2
1-9
I am able to study Schopenhauer for my own illumination, so that I may understand the nature of the world more deeply, but the extent of my philosophic writings are these notebooks.

When reread, some of the notes resemble those of Cicero's aphorisms. These, my notes, are unaffected and spontaneous. Schopenhauer created a system, a doctrine, the Schopenhauerian Philosophy. I merely write "philosophically" - as I think in a philosophic manner.

note #2

These two notes have nothing to do with being "refreshed after a five hour sleep", but they are at set because of this similarity.

Notice in Nietzsche's *Birth of Tragedy* - Schopenhauer's philosophy is labelled Apollonian in contrast to Nietzsche's Dionysian. Dionysian affirms existence, whereas Apollonian "destroys" it. They represent the poles of optimism and pessimism.

Interesting that Apollonian (with a y) and from the same Latin word means Satan, Lucifer, etc...

There has to be a real connection between deep pessimistic philosophy and intense heavy metal music...

7 July 1992
p. 1

FKM

As I wonder why I write. It has gotten to be a habit. I wonder if I should try to get the government to help me pay for some college courses. Should I try to aim for Superintendent? Without college I could get as far as Dave Hewitt got: Maintenance Coordinator. Would I rather be working with my brain on a computer, on the telephone, and at meetings interacting with people — or should I be content with just riding the tractor, cleaning toilets, and emptying trash cans?

I have the body of a wiry slave, a workhorse; but my brain has the potential to figure and think analytically as well as creatively. I wonder if the state would help me? If it could, I would have heard about it by now. I should be glad they hired me as a Maintenance Worker and just hope I get through the Reagan-Bush Depression without losing my position. 2659

FKM

That groundhog's fate was decided by an accident. A man getting paid to mow a field tears apart the meshes of green life without blinking an eye; but when he chops into a groundhog's head, he lets out a primal →

7 July 1992
p. 2

→ (FKA) scream. Why is that so? Is it because of the red blood? Is it the 4 limbs representing 2 arms and 2 legs? Is it the head with ears, eyes, nose, mouth, teeth?

It is the recognition of a creature like ourselves? It is the awareness of a Being's life force vanishing.

One moment the creature is hiding in the bushes, a being with heart-blood-nerve - a brain that perceives data from the senses, a being carrying the equipment to reproduce itself... the next minute a blade (from a machine that runs on fuel from the skeletons of dinosaurs) crashes swiftly into the creature's head causing it to go into convulsions before "giving up the ghost"... I witnessed the "life force" cease in that particular creature. Now a dead creature is merely matter. It is not a BEING. (2660)

FKA When the life force leaves a body, it is no longer a BEING. When a body does not move of its own volition, when the blood does not flow and air does not circulate, there is NO BEING.

How can we go day after day taking our health for granted? Someone will have to invent a Creator that we can thank in advance for protecting us from sickness, decay, death. How very strange existence is.

SPP 1 July 7
6.9

In one breath I can say that life is not worth living, and in the next breath I can be thankful for my health. (2661)
Yes, a paradox.

FMX

If this is the conclusion of Meditations of a Hermit, how come I am writing as if this were Notes from the Abyss?

Actually it shows the evolution of ENTRIES. From entry to session to meditation, and then meditations were made up of a series of notes.

Now each note stands alone, a meditation in itself. 2662

FMX

Before I was born, the abyss. Now I have been born and I am alive and I fear losing my health. Do I realize the abyss awaits our return?

If this life is a mere particle to be lost in the winds of void and non being, then my very identity is a transitory flicker.

It is not "me" that worries about things. It is this will to live that the life force serves.

It is that which lusts for Sherry, that wants job security, etc...

To answer the riddle, I really do not exist. Only this will to live exists and worries. 2663

10 July 1992
p. 1

AYK A productive day: much communication directly to the sources. My natural intelligence is an asset and a presence I can trust. I saw Bob Trad today, and I drove to Trenton (in a matter of 2 hours I was there and back); when I got back I actually mowed grass with the battery for an hour and a half.

But when I got in my jets at 4:45 I saw a note left on the dash board:

Mike -

If you only knew...

♡ Sherry

My first reaction was, "Who wrote this?" My first thought was Daejel... why would she write it? Sherry didn't have her put it there, did she?

Two ways to handle this:

on the outside → wait for physical language, do not inquire about the note... know the wolf is shy... know the wolf will circle and sniff and allow it to happen... it is nature, the will to live. I am a helpless animal.

on the inside → is this terrible or is it a great event? I must be philosophical about this. I recognize the ANIMALISTIC CREATURE ... I AM a MIND-body, a Being.

Physically we would be compatible, but what about my dark, ABYSMAL intellect? →

8.9
This is true. My entire life would change if I
were to give into ^{what's its name?} HENTRICH? the heart?
If I give into the heart, will I not
be disappointed and hurt? 2675

FY<

ET 26
I am so very confused between the two
poles of this BEING THAT I AM. I had
the same confusion in last summer's
sweat lodge. I am confused between
two separate "centers" of my being -
one is my head.
one is my heart.

My head is a disciple of Schopenhauer.

My heart is lost and in yearning.

Why is there such a difference between
Heart and head?

Is it because my heart would directly
cause new life and the head
declares with Cioran:

"NOT YET TO HAVE DISESTED THE AFFRONT
OF BEING BORN!" ? 2676

FYJ

Before physical contact with a female again,
I must confront these issues with
her and the direct responsibility for
exposing new life to the Nightmare, existence. 2677

11 July 1992
p. 2

FYM Existence = Torment. how does one deal with this?
Usually one procreates and brings more suffering
life into existence. I cannot blame
anyone for that. I have experienced both
loneliness and the comfort of sexual love.
I could never speak of life in such
an honest manner when in the company of
others? But one on one I believe I
could philosophize with even Tom Sandle.
I do not live to impress other people.
What concern is it of mine "what people are
saying"? Are people saying I am a
recluse?

Fine. So be it. Life is what it is and
tonight I will deal with the VOID by
listening to compact disk recorded music, 2682

FYM I have survived another evening, doing laundry,
listening to music, drinking water, eating
cookies and waiting for the
loneliness to be replaced by the
wings of solitude. 2683

13 July 1992
p. 1

~~XXX~~ During a weekend of loafing, doing nothing, and sleeping to escape from consciousness - all the while wondering why I was not "going out" - I feel refreshed. I am wide awake, I have changed. I see the surface for what it is. In the depths I see the tragedy of birth, and on the surface we interact with other personalities with our petty differences in rank.

I often reflect on us being creatures on a planet, or better yet, things of the cosmos... We have to act as if what we do has meaning. Not only does manual labor distract us from the torment of existence, but we earn money to continue our existence - and our work is reflected in the landscape.

87

~~XXX~~ Wherever I work, I will still have to blend into the surface, interacting with others, putting on a mask... acting as though I have not been enlightened! Normal people are glad to be alive and want to engage in the procreative act as often as possible. And I withdraw from the world. Why? Because I see it as it is. There is Buddha in all of us. I leave for work early this morning so as to have plenty of time to eat breakfast. Once I accept the world as it is, I will not be disappointed.

88

15 July 1972 p. 1

M 2695

©

How did I come to call Sherry on the phone?
The note I discovered on Friday started me
thinking about her. I was so uptight
about getting my work done on Monday that
I didn't say a word to her.

On Tuesday I confronted Dajel in front of
Sherry (about the note) and then I went
back to work - Sherry took off ... a
little hurt that I was seemingly
indifferent.

I was going to talk to her this morning,
but she called in sick. Dajel
told me she was having ANXIETY ATTACKS;
she was nervous about communicating with
me.

I was saddened that she did not show up,
in fact I thought about her all day.
While I was on the tractor
at noon I phoned Dajel for Sherry's phone
number. She gave me the number of Sherry's
home.



→ My heart-body is warm and glowing, and
my head is worried... I say
that Schopenhauer will be there for my
intellect when life wounds me
to the core.

- I confessed to Sherry over the phone:
- ① that I have been alone a long time
 - ② that I read alot
 - ③ that I write many notebooks.
 - ④ that I was in alot of trouble when I was
20 - and now I no longer drink booze,
nor do I smoke pot.
 - ⑤ I admitted also that I am a loner.

Now I will go with the flow.
My mind is alert and on guard -
booze and drugs are out... I must
not be too judgemental.
May be I will view
The Razor's Edge?

Just so as to remember that I am
on a long journey through life. I
do not know how Sherry
and I are linked, but I hope
no one gets hurt.

Please let her be deep!

Please let her be real!

Please let me be calm and philosophical.

15 July 1992 p. 2

M2696

©

I confess to these notebooks of mine that I do not know what's going on. One thing is certain. I can open up to Sherry, but my diary material is so utterly private that it is sacred. The chests will remain locked, as will a realm behind my eyes hold thoughts hidden from the external world.

The main reason for not revealing my "WRITINGS" to anyone is because I want to protect the intimacy and the honesty. If I were to expose my writings to others, I would somehow CENSOR my writings.

coincidences: Notes from the abyss, Kant/Schopenhauer books completely read, Joey in Florida, and now this with Sherry.

Will Sherry and I kiss?
Will we PROCREATE?

What has the near future got in store for me?
A lot of frustration?

Will she make me wait? Is she NATURE
HERSELF? Are we creating the next generation
Am I surrendering to the species?

15 July 1992 p. 3

M 2698

© Monday seems too far off. That would be the first day Sh and I would see each other, unless I visit her house or visit her at the park while I am off. Why did I ignore her before the note, and now that she informs me that she has been thinking about me, I call her up, tell her I can't stop thinking about her (the truth) and ask her what she is doing tonight?

Now I am the one who has to slow down. We can't rush into anything, I know this; but I really want to engage in a heated kiss with her. I want us to kiss soon. I can imagine it, but I don't know how it will happen. May be on a day when no rangers are on ... or any time between 8 am and 10 am ... sometime, someplace it must happen.

Probably right at Central Supply in the hallway ... a KISS will connect us, and I really believe that I could please her ...

Lisa was older than me - and I was drunk and stoned. Now Sherry is younger than me ... I may be pairing off with her.

I was being honest when I said I am THINKING ABOUT HER. There is no need to →

feel vulnerable or embarrassed. She must be
rehearsed. And if she feels some of the
uncomfortable doubts that I feel if
she too experiences FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN,
then she will appreciate all I said
about "not wanting us to be hurt".

⑥ What about the alcohol and pot?
I don't think she comprehends what
I mean when I say I don't
hang out where people are drinking.

⑦

my sister → TAMI is pregnant.
She is happy and anxious.

But the "synchronicity" with Sherry
and my connection is eerie.

H₂₀₁₅ : I just realize now, 23 years later,
that while my nephew_{10 in 1992} was in Florida for a
month, much transpired. When he returned... I
was with Sherry and his mom pregnant with twins!